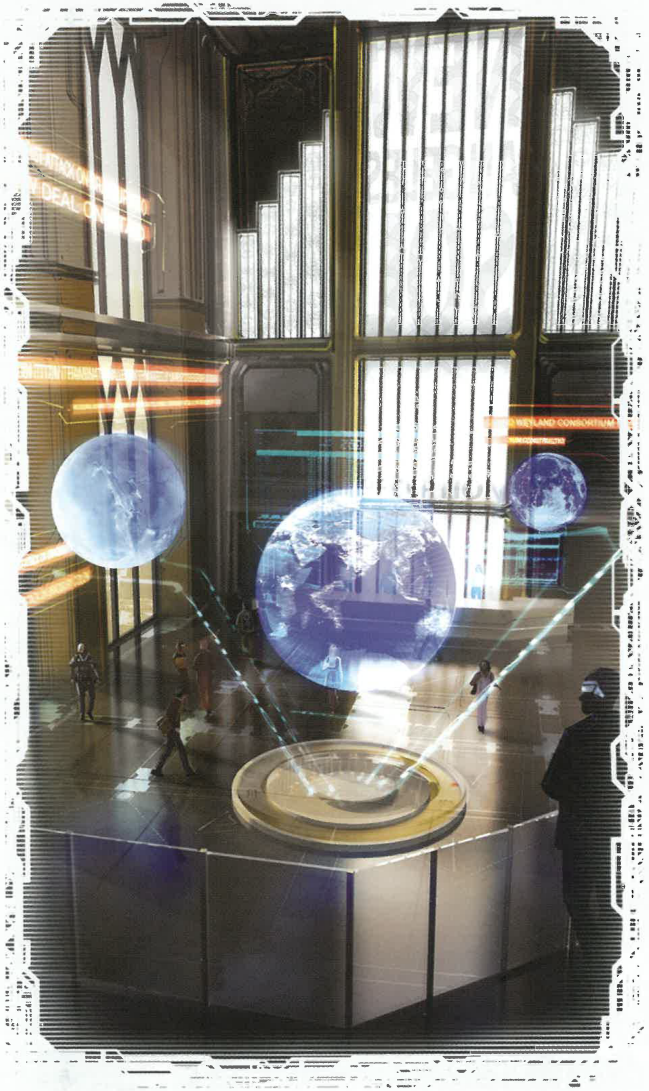
Android: Netrunner
The Card Game

Data and Destiny



Data and Destiny is a deluxe expansion for *Android: Netrunner.* This expansion focuses on the NBN Corporation faction and introduces 3 special Runner factions. Each Runner faction (see page 4 for more information) functions as its own, complete faction that is based around a specific ID.

Component Overview

Data and Destiny includes the following components:

- This rules insert
- 165 cards, consisting of:
    - 75 NBN cards

        Includes 3 new **division** identity cards (these function like any other Corp identity and are affiliated with NBN)
    - 9 neutral Corporation cards
    - 24 Adam cards
    - 24 Apex cards
    - 24 Sunny Lebeau cards
    - 9 neutral Runner cards

Expansion Icon

This icon appears on all cards included in the *Data and Destiny* expansion.

Victoria Jenkins

"Jacob, please tell Mr. Howard that I will see him now."

"Yes Ms. Victoria." Her digital secretary would have already told Howard that he was to report to her office, but appearances mattered. Victoria moved to her chaise lounge and set down cup of kava next to her PAD. The overruns in Howard's latest project were a cause for concern for Keith Randolph Kane, and anything that concerned the President of the Board concerned her. He still saw her as the model she had been, and not the CEO of the largest media empire in the solar system.

Jackson Howard entered, a smile on his face and a small green dinosaur plush toy under his arm. Victoria let herself smile; Howard wasn't the enemy…yet.

"Thank you for your promptness, Jackson. May I call you Jackson?" She gestured him to come closer her, where he shifted awkwardly. "Please tell me about the overruns concerning your little dino there." Jackson's smile slipped just a little.

"Of course." He held up the toy, as if for protection. "Rexie is a prototype learning matrix powered by a micro-optic brain, capa—"

"A what? Did you just say a micro-optic brain? You built a micro-optic brain for an educational toy? Don't you think that is a little extravagant?" Victoria thumbed her PAD bringing up the tech documentation. "It seems you were told to build an educational toy that could interact and teach two to six-year-olds, capable of tailoring the education to each child. Your optic brain cost twenty-five times your total budget, treads dangerously close to Haas-Bioroid patents for their bioroid brains, and could outperform–well, any computer in this room. Explain please."

"Well… it occurred to me that a toy that could teach and adapt to very young children could also report on what it learned from them and their family–it could integrate itself with the family unit and anticipate the needs of the children…" Howard looked uncomfortable, like he wanted to bolt from the office.

"Go on."

"We could then take that data and compile it to create better psychographic profiles for secondary consumer forces. Rexie would know them better than they know themselves." Jackson's smile was back in place and practically ear to ear now.

"I see one thing that you have not taken into account…"

"I… my calculations predict an ROI of at least 23% with the improved data. And the end user agreement would protect us legally."

"I like your vision, Jackson. But the scope is wrong. With a 'toy' capable of teaching, adapting, and accessing the Net, we can do so much more…" She graced him with a rare genuine smile. "You will report directly to me. We'll need to give you a raise, a new lab, and, of course, a title to justify all of this. Let's call it Vice President of Child Programming."

Adam

I streamed through cyberspace at lightspeed, approaching the outermost ice protecting the datafortress that was Haas-Bioroid's R&D division. Handshake OK. Connection refused. Firewall detected: Wotan. I configured my processors' clock multiplier factors and shut down ancillary systems.

The meetbox invitation lay inside the building where most high-end bioroids were prototyped. A gap existed in my memories where I would have first come online in its Awakening Center. By my own calculations, there was an 88% chance I had been tampered with, my programming reduced to this singular purpose:

To run.

Malicious software couldn't be excluded. Something suppressed my adherence to the Third Directive, meaning my self-diagnostic systems were woefully out of date. Regardless, I'd had to override them on several occasions to install third-party programs I raided from the Shadow Net. Was it a subroutine? Something hard-coded into the bios of my quantum processor? Or was it residual from the brainmaps upon which my personality indices were based?

The other 12% included the possibility that someone within Haas-Bioroid had built me expressly for this purpose and released me into the world. A double-blind experiment? Or an act of defiance? Knowing the why could reveal the what. This quest compelled me as strongly as the First Directive did. I finally had made contact with someone on the inside. It could be a trap, or a revelation.

Time to initiate. I activated my queued commands and called up programs to help me overcome their defenses. I unleashed a barrage of near-infinite access requests against Wotan. He defended against all but one: my own. Next up was a more aggressive opponent: Ichi. He fired up his first blast, and I dodged burst after burst that scuttled and fragmented the code between us. My programs crashed one after another. So long as he missed my OS I'd be able to keep the Net uplink online. I found the node hosting his AI and pushed through to his credentials, adopting them as my own. A moment later, the security measures retreated. No threat detected.

I waited, allowing the meetbox to generate its VR environment according to its user's will. An endless white plascrete corridor, brightly lit and clinical. I walked toward the door, which had a small security pad on the outside. All of a sudden a new connection locked onto my avatar, from outside the facility. It had completely bypassed my firewalls. I tried to track it, but it seemed I had a blind spot in my programing.

A woman's voice invaded my internal comm. "You performed well, Linus. The code to enter is your model number: 381FS4." Linus. The designation rang true in the very core of my being, despite my never having heard it before. I felt compelled to enter the code, and the security pad blinked green. I pushed open the door.

Apex

#ConnectionEstablished->HostName:Database.Zero->setnick: TheWhiz //Filter:Chat

Reeve: No lie, I jacked out right then

PrincessSpaceKitten: You are such a wuss, Reeve

Thinfoil.Hate: it's an AI guys. true AI unshackled and free roaming.

Threeve: ya I'll bet you jacked alright

Reeve: Frag off, poseur

+Threeve has been kicked.

PrincessSpaceKitten: Can't be AI. It's impossible to get human-level intelligence without a bioroid brain or super-core. It couldn't free-roam.

Reeve: It was freaky is what it was. Like a monster…all tentacles.

TheWhiz: What are we talking about?

-prowler_32-: Apex!

TheWhiz: Oh come on, you don't believe the stories?

Reeve: I pinged it, man, it wasn't an anomaly, it was remote like me, a user. Only it was …weird. It was definitely Apex.

TheWhiz: It was just ice, or some pendejo's freaky avatar.

-prowler_32-: i heard its a dolphin brain in a jar

Thinfoil.Hate: no its an alien from outside the solar system

PrincessSpaceKitten: You JUST told us it was an AI

Thinfoil.Hate: alien AI

Thinfoil.Hate: space is big. they can't come themselves they beam programs across the light years.

Reeve: I heard it's a kid who's been jacked in his whole life. Some experiment, kid doesn't even know he's got a body.

PrincessSpaceKitten: Or it was one of g00ru's mates who died jacked in

-prowler_32-: really!? that makes so much sense!!!1

TheWhiz: No it doesn't. g00ru's disciples are all accounted for.

Reeve: I know what I saw

PrincessSpaceKitten: So it's some sort of monster that lives on the network and, what, eats files? Does it poop them out too?

Reeve: Servers. It eats more and more server space, because it's a distributed AI and it needs to eat the whole Network to achieve sentience. It'll make your rig part of its brain if you let it.

PrincessSpaceKitten: Well, that is at least vaguely plausible.

Thinfoil.Hate: its how the aliens reproduce theyr all AI now

Reeve: Is anyone else glitching???

PrincessSpaceKitten: Yeah, something's wrong with the chatspace I think

TheWhiz: Oh come on you guys are so fragging gullible. It's just a monster story like Bigfoot or Nessie or the Chernobyl Chernabog.

Reeve: Dude, your avatar is derezzing

TheWhiz: WHAT THE **** IS THAT A TENTACLE

#ConnectionLost->No Carrier

Sunny Lebeau

"Good-bye, sweeties," she said. Five-year-old Frankie was already running at a full sprint for the playground but Alexa held back. At three, she was more cautious than her brother and still not enthusiastic about daycare.

"Mommy," she said, "what do you do all day? Why can't you stay?"

"Mommy works on the 72nd floor right up there," Sunny said, pointing up at the looming miniarc above them. The Globalsec tower was smack-dab in the Laguna Velasco district, not far from the NAPD. "Mommy works on the Network to keep people safe."

Alexa gave Mommy a kiss and then shuffled off, taking a chunk of Sunny's heart with her. With Pat on Mars for two years now, she was on her own. Not for the first time she considered giving it all up and staying home with the children.

She thought about it during the ride up to the 72nd floor. She was still thinking about it when the doors opened and she stepped out into the offices of the Intercorp Task Force. Her boss, Jak Sinclair, was waiting for her.

"Good morning, Lebeau," he said. He fell into step beside her as she walked down the row of cockpits, where other Globalsec runners were jacked in or browsing data between runs. "Got a black hat sniffing around our servers earlier. Security defect on the latest Qianju hoppers, you might want to take a look at that, but our top story today is…" He gestured at her Nexus as she reached her pod, at the end of the row. It bloomed to life and showed the NBN logo.

"So is my hat white or grey on this one?" Sunny asked. Sometimes Globalsec was asked to test another corp's security—a white hat, purely legal job. Other times Sunny found herself part of an investigation that required breaking in where she wasn't wanted. Those were the fun jobs.

"Grey. We have a tip that NBN is sniffing data off one of their supposedly secure storage services. That would put them in breach of contract." He smiled and sipped his coffee. "Chase tested this same branch last month. Couldn't get in. Their security is as good as anything I've seen."

She settled her visor over her head and stepped up to the Nexus. "I should have something for you by lunch."

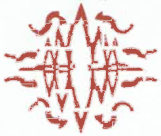
"You're the best, Lebeau," said Jak, drifting back toward his office.

"'Mommy, what do you do all day?'" she murmured to herself as she pulled on her ViScape H3 goggles. "Mommy kicks ass and takes names, sweetie." She grinned and jacked in.

New Runner Factions

There are 3 special Runner factions introduced in this expansion. Each Runner faction has a single ID associated with it, and the cards for that faction have been designed around this ID. These Runners represent unique individuals and entities that do not fall within the normal categories of Shaper, Anarch, or Criminal. These special factions are:

Adam



Apex

Sunny Lebeau

It costs influence for each Runner of these factions to use any out-of-faction card, including neutral cards that have influence.

Example: Apex cannot use The Source without spending 2 influence, or Security Nexus without spending 3 influence.

Facedown Runner Cards

New cards, such as Apex, install facedown cards at no cost. Runner cards that are installed or turned facedown do not have a type or a subtype, and their abilities are not active. The Runner can look at his or her facedown cards at any time. If a facedown Runner card is trashed, it is turned faceup when entering the heap.

Flip Cards

Flip cards are double-faced identity cards. The SYNC card (3) in this expansion is a flip card. A flip card starts the game with its front side face up. There is no influence nor minimum deck size listed on the back side of a flip card, as these values are not used during gameplay.

By spending a (), the Corp can flip the front of the SYNC ID to its back side, or vice versa. Only the abilities on the faceup side are active.

SYNC
EVERYTHING. EVERYWHERE
IDENTITY: Division
(): Flip this identity.
The Runner pays 1 more when spending a () to remove a tag (not through a card ability).
SYNC
EVERYTHING. EVERYWHERE
IDENTITY: Division
(): Flip this identity.
You pay 2 fewer when spending a () to trash a resource (not through a card ability).

Front Side Back Side

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